

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 2. NO. 46

West Liberty, Morgan County, Kentucky, Thursday, April 25, 1912.

WHOLE NUMBER 98

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

Circuit Court: On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November. J. B. Hannah, Judge; John M. Waugh, Com'th Attorney; R. M. Oakley, Clerk; G. W. Phillips, Trustee of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner, J. D. Lykins, Deputy Master Com'r.

County Court: On Second Monday in each month.

Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.

Fiscal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.

I. C. Ferguson, Presiding Judge.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

First District—W. G. Short, 1st Monday in each month.

Second District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Third District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Fourth District—Charles Prater, Friday after 1st Monday in each month.

Fifth District—Frank Kennard, Wednesday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Sixth District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Seventh District—A. F. Blevins, Thursday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Eighth District—Franklin Walter, Thursday after 1st Monday in each month.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge—I. C. Ferguson.

Attorney—J. P. Haney.

Sheriff—H. B. Brown.

Treasurer—W. M. Gardner.

Clerk—J. H. Sebastian.

Schools—T. N. Barker.

Jailor—H. C. Combs.

Assessor—Whitt Kemplin.

Coroner—C. F. Lykins.

Surveyor—M. P. Turner.

Fish and Game Warden—W. C. Pugett.

Deputy G. W., Jno M. Perry.

West Liberty Police Court—First Wednesday in each month, N. P. Womack, Judge.

The County Board of Education for Morgan county, holds its regular meeting the 2nd Monday in each month.

J. P. HANEY,

County Attorney,

GENERAL PRACTICE,

OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE,

West Liberty, Ky.

W. M. GARDNER,

LAWYER,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Office in

Commercial Bank Building

RYLAND C. MUSICK,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

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COTTE & HOVERMALE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Allan N. Cisco.

S. Monroe Nickell.

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LAWYERS,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE

Wanted! A Goodly share of your trade.

G. M. HANEY,

(Big Red)

Representing—

DAVID ADES

Ladies' and Gent's Furnishings,

Lexington, Ky.

Two Victories

West Liberty Base Ball Teams Put It Over Hazel Green in two First Games of Season

The West Liberty ball team journeyed to Hazel Green Saturday to try conclusions with the invincible team from that little Mountain City, which had been reported as being in such fine fettle that nowhere in the Mountains would they be able to find a foeman worthy of their steel. But alack and alas! The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a'gley. Not that Hazel Green could not play ball—no, not that, but there were others who could play.

The score stood four to full sixteen, But not in favor of Hazel Green.

Yes that's what happened but just how it happened—well our space is too limited to tell it all. The features of the game was the playing of Davis, Fraley, Potts, Cisco, Steel, Henry (Walter), Henry (Daniel), Cox and Carter.

The line up was as follows.

Hazel Green.	West Liberty.
Long,	p. Davis,
Lacy,	c. Fraley,
Carter,	1b. Carter,
McClure,	2b. D. Henry,
Haney,	3b. Cisco,
Brown,	ss. Potts,
Graham,	rf. Steel,
Wheeler,	cf. Cox,
Lykins,	lf. W. Henry,

The score was as follows.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T
W. Liberty,	4	0	1	0	3	2	3	0	3	16
H. Green,	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	4	5

Batteries. West Liberty: Davis—Fraley. Hazel Green: Long—Lacy.

The H.G.A. second ball nine came over to West Liberty Monday and crossed clubs with the High School team of this place. Although the scores ran high there was some pretty snappy playing by both teams. The game seemed to lag at times and a great many errors were made, but conditions were very unfavorable. The wind was blowing a gale throughout the entire game and toward the latter half it turned so cold that the players actually suffered.

Henry, for the locals, pitched a good game, and had it not been for a few costly errors would have held the visitors down to a much lower score. Cisco replaced Henry in the 8th and finished up the game allowing only 2 additional runs. Carter for the H.G.A. pitched fast ball throughout and with proper support would have had a different tale to tell. The line up was as follows.

Hazel Green.	West Liberty.
Carter,	p. W. Henry,
Rose,	c. M. Cisco,
Ross,	1b. Stamp,
Lykins,	2b. Cox,
Woods,	3b. C. Henry,
Wheeler,	ss. Davis,
Williams,	rf. Cottle,
Pratt,	cf. Maxey,
Howard,	lf. B. Cisco,

Score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T
W. Liberty,	3	4	3	0	0	0	4	x	—	14
Hazel Green	1	0	0	2	0	4	2	0	—	9

Batteries. Hazel Green: Carter—Rose. West Liberty Henry—Cisco. Cisco—Cottle.

County Judge, I. C. Ferguson, and county atty., J. P. Haney, returned from Frankfort Friday where they had been summoned before the State Board of Equalization. They succeeded in getting the raise on farms and personal property reduced from 8 to 5 percent.

Thirty-two killed, hundreds injured and scores of houses blown down is the result of a cyclone in Illinois and Indiana yesterday. Two persons were killed in Oklahoma.

I. N. Phipps, of Chanute, Kas. is here looking after business interests.

Hazel Green's Lament.

(Tune—"Well I Swan.")

There was a ball game played today with H. G. A.

With the team from West Liberty beat up from who knows where,

We learn it had its Harmon men and others along to help them,

That's the reason why the score ran up into the air—

But I swan, their umpires were bum,

Or was it that they didn't know just how to judge the game,

At any rate they hit the gate of judging wild and off the plate,

Awaiting their pitcher's approval for the same.

But don't feel badly H. G. A., because you lost the game today,

'Tis often by our failures that we rise to deeds the higher,

The next time you play ball, get in the game for good and all.

And show the West Liberties some H. G. A. fire.

Well I swan, the game has come and gone,

West Liberty's crowing because they think they've killed you dead,

But wait until another day when you with them play,

And they'll find that H. G. A. will then come out ahead.

—Miss Dew, Hazel Green.

The Real Aristocracy

The real aristocracy of any community are the people who, having a bithright in the place in which they live, and having girded themselves about with honor and integrity, know that nobody, anywhere, are better than they are.

They can afford to live economically and plainly, and do their own work if they choose, and because of these economies they can take and enjoy the higher and better things of life. They do not need to have a lot of money, or to put on airs, they are the real quality, and in their society the simple vulgar rich, who have nothing but their money to recommend them, would feel miserable, lonesome and out of place. And in this very aristocracy you will find a greater degree of decency and refinement and comfort and happiness than anywhere else on earth.—Farmer's Voice.

A Sane Parcel Post Will Come

"The demand for a parcel post is growing more insistent. It will not down no matter what the express companies, the mail order houses, the trusts, the fourth class postmaster, the jobber or a few misguided country merchants may say to the contrary. The absurdity of being able to send a parcel to almost any part of the world at a less rate than the same parcel can be sent from one town to another is so great that the people will ere long get tired of a congress which cannot see the way clear to correct the discrimination and remedy the injustice by enacting a sensible parcels post law."—William Sulzer member of Congress from New York.

Elder J. D. Hunter, of Cannel City, organized Charity Counsel, No. 19, Jr. O. U. O. M. at Liberty road on Tuesday night the 23 Inst with 60 members. Wm. Adams was elected counselor, R. L. Adams Secty, and C. C. Burton Jr. P. C.

Chas. Holliday, one of our Malone subscribers, was in town Wednesday attending Fiscal Court, and while here took occasion to drop into our sanctum and speak a few cheery words for the COURIER. Come again, Charley.

Ben Frank Steele, of Panama, took in the ball game Monday.

The Female of the Species.

By Gilbert Patton Brown.

The writer is a bachelor of good New England birth:

And here in outland Boston— Yes, the dearest town on earth— He writes some verse, likewise some prose and tries to get the kale

And he'll tell you why the female is more deadly than the male.

This thought has long been vexing men, they can no longer bear it, Yet many have not the courage to openly declare it.

But brother Kipling here of late in his verse has hit the nail— That the female of the Species is more deadly than the male.

I once tried to win a maiden, yes, I tried and tried again— It was way back in my boyhood, in the sturdy state of Maine;

I tried by night, I tried by day, yet it was no avail— For the Female of the Species was more deadly than the male.

I've read from the book of nature on the land and on the sea, I've seen widows and fair maidens in their choicest glory,

But each one knew, because she knew woman's nature, never fall For the Female of the Species is more deadly than the male.

Now my dear and jealous reader, still alone on earth am I— Man has never been a leader— I'll neither whimper or cry.

Phisll love the gentle darlings, though I soon may hit the trail— For the Female of the Species is more deadly than the male.

Gas for Morehead

Dr. S. R. Collier of west Liberty, was here this week figuring on piping gas from his wells in Morgan county to this city. Mr. Collier has two of the best gas wells in this state the pressure of either being stronger than the combined pressure of the Menifee wells which furnish Lexington, Winchester and Mt. Sterling. If he succeeds in getting a franchise in our city and sufficient patronage, which we feel will be no trouble he expects to have it ready for use by the latter part of September.—Morehead Mountaineer.

Doc has the gas alright and is looking for a market. The good people of Morehead will bless the day when they begin to use it.—Editor.

A number of southeastern Kentucky counties will probably take a vote on the insurance of road bonds this summer. In Bell county steps will be taken shortly to call for a vote on the question, and several other counties planning to hold an election. Better roads have been agitated for a number of years, the southeastern Kentucky Good Roads Association being instrumental in stirring up good roads sentiment, and now that the good roads act makes construction less difficult. A vast improvement in the mountain highways is expected.

If the H. G. A.'s will search diligently it is the opinion of the better informed that they can find a ball team somewhere in the mountains of "Old Kaintuck" that can interest them. But the people of Hazel Green are good entertainers and those who attended the game Saturday were pleased with the courtesies shown them while there, and desire to extend their thanks to the good people who made their stay in Hazel Green a pleasant one.

Sixty-four bodies with identification marks were last night reported to have been recovered by the cable ship Mackay Bennett, which has been searching in the vicinity of the Titanic disaster. The names of the identified could not be obtained through the Cape Race wireless station. Other bodies having identification marks were thrown back into the ocean.—Courier Journal.

Our serial, the Chalice of Courage, will end in a few weeks. We have secured the right to publish another one, a revolutionary war story, "My Lady of Doubt." Give your name on our list and don't miss the opening chapters.

Local and Personal.

Did you go to the game?

Tony Reed, of White Oak, was here Friday.

Silas Carter, of Index, was in town Monday.

Oliver Haney, of Caney, was in town Friday.

Don't pass by the merchants who advertise.

Miles Nickell, of Sellers, was here on business Monday.

Jas. Baskirk, of Alice, was in town on business Monday.

W. A. Duncan made a business trip to Cincinnati this week.

Dr. J. E. Goodwin and family are visiting relatives at Ezel.

These cold spells have got to stop kickin' our Spring aroun'.

Dr. W. L. Gevedon, of Grassy Creek, was in the city Monday.

Curtis Stacy, of Cannel City, came over for the ball game Monday.

Orlando Coffee, of Loveland, attended Quarterley Court Tuesday.

Dorsie Keeton is having a new ware room built in the rear of his store.

A. T. McGuire, of Omer, was here on business one day last week.

Miss Clara Blair visited relatives and friends at Wrigley last week.

Sam Spencer, of Louisa, was greeting friends in town this week.

The good and the bad weather alternates, but the bad predominates.

Attorney, J. A. Gray, of Sandy Hook, was here on legal business last week.

Reb Kendall, like Job of old, has been having a serious time with boils.

County Supt. T. N. Barker is recovering from a short but severe sick spell.

Miss Aura Maxey of near town visited Miss Hazel Cottle several days last week.

A. J. Lindon, of Insko, passed through town Monday enroute to Wrigley on business.

Geo. W. Wells, of Malone, was in town Friday and called in to get one of Hawkins' confessions.

Big Lewis Henry who has been confined to his room the greater part of the winter, was in town Friday.

Esq. J. C. Sebastain, of Cannel City, was in town Tuesday and while here subscribed for his county paper.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Caskey, of Lenox, were visiting Mrs. Caskey's daughter, Mrs. Auty McClain, Friday and Saturday.

We still have several jobs lying on our shelves which we would be glad if those ordering same would call and get and pay for.

Bro. Cooper, does the Herald still think that the Hazel Green team will have to go to the Bluegrass to find a game that will interest them?

D. F. Elam Postmaster at index, was in town Friday and while here called at the COURIER office and purchased a copy of Hawkins' Confession.

The business man who don't advertise hides his light under a bushel. But it's a small light any way. It looks like a tallow lip along side a 400 candle power arc light.

The following ladies from West Liberty attended the ball game at Hazel Green Saturday.

Misses Mon Walsh, Elizabeth Scott, Sadye Cartmell, Carrie Blair and Minnie Pearl Dyer.

Every good citizen of West Liberty ought to back up the athletic association. The churches have the call, 'tis true, when it comes to raising money, but they are not altogether "it."

CORRESPONDENTS, sign your true name to your manuscript and for God's sake, if you have no other news than visits between neighbors don't write.

We are prepared to furnish any and all kinds of cards and hand bills advertising horses, bulls or jacks. Give us a call and examine our work.

Base ball score cards, with names of team, printed at this office. We have a number of W. L. score cards printed and in stock.

Judge Amos Davis came in to see us Monday. Judge has just returned from a trip on the road and reported business good.

Little Miss Mamie and Master Richard Phipps, of Lexington, are visiting their grand parents, Mr and Mrs John B. Phipps.

N. B. Haney, who lately returned from Florida, where he spent the winter, was in town Tuesday.

Deputy Sheriff, T. J. Perry, of Blaze, was a business caller at the COURIER office Wednesday.

Jas. Sparks with Watts, Ritter & Co., was here calling on our merchants Tuesday.

Jesse Caudill, representing Morehead Grocery Co., was here last week.

Miss Ada Boggs, of DeHart, was shopping in town Friday.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo O. We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfect-honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Kidney Ailments

Start with BACKACHE, DULL HEADACHE, BLURRED EYE SIGHT, LOSS OF APPETITE, PAIN IN HIPS AND SIDES, SORE AND WEAK KIDNEYS and URINARY IRREGULARITIES. TO NEGLECT MEANS

Foley Kidney Pills

TO CURE—USE

TONIC IN ACTION - QUICK IN RESULTS

Will CURE any case of KIDNEY or BLADDER TROUBLE not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. The genuine is in a yellow package.

Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise, if possible, to get a patent. A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with full and complete information, sent free. Add cent. for foreign postage.

C. A. SNOW & CO.

215 PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Puzzle—Can you Solve it?

A High School girl dropped in at Hal Rolley's and bought a glass of root beer. The check was five cents and she handed the clerk a dollar bill. He could not change it; but after some discussion she handed him a \$5 bill, which he could change, giving her \$4.95. In other words, he couldn't give her 95 cents but he could give her \$1.95. How did he do it?—Pleasant Hill (Mo.) Times.

Better let us make you some nice calling cards.

One touch of rhotarbie makes the whole world kin.

Dr. S. R. Collier was at Ashland on business recently.

John J. Davis, of Lenox, attended County Court Monday.

W. B. Shanower, of Freeport, O., is here on business this week.

John Ratliff, of Henry, was a business caller at our shop Tuesday.

That cleaning up suggested by the Courier some weeks ago has not been done yet.

THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER

A Republican Weekly.

Published at Salyersville, Ky.

Gives the News

From all parts of the country

\$1.00 a year. 10c a month.

S. S. ELAM,

Owner and Editor.

MILLINERY

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Has a Complete and Stylish line of

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6th FREE is the only Insured Sewing Machine

Just Think of it?

THE FREE Sewing Machine is insured for five years against accident, breakage, wear, fire, tornado, lightning, and water. This shows our faith in

FREE Sewing Machine

Think what this means!

It means—that if you break the whole machine or any part (needle, belt, or attachment, etc.) it will be replaced to you without charge.

Send for our booklet "In the Day's Work" FREE SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by AUTY MCCLAIN, West Liberty, Ky.

Only two houses out of each thousand burn. Every body must die. Yet people beg to insure their houses, and put off life insurance or never take it. Call and let us explain our coupon Premium Reduction life policy; how the accumulation on what you pay make each succession payment smaller. Protect your family—increase

LICKING VALLEY COURIER

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Terms—One Dollar a year in advance

H. G. COTTLE, EDITOR.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce G. V. LYKINS of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of County Judge of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce ALEX WHITAKER of Caney, as a candidate for the nomination for County Judge of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce FRANK KENNAIRD of Logville, as a candidate for the nomination for County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce H. M. DAVIS of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REN F. NICKELL, of West Liberty, as a candidate for Clerk of the Morgan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JAMES W. DAVIS, of Ezel, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce C. E. CLARK of Maytown, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce L. A. LYKINS of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM R. LYKINS, of Caney, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce W. W. MCCLURE, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce E. J. WEBB, of Blair's Mill, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. H. ROE, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce GEO. W. STACY, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democrat party.

We are authorized to announce JOHN PATRICK, (Assessor John) of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REV. W. H. LINDON of Insko, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce S. S. OLDFIELD, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce LEE BARKER, of Malone, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce W. J. FIELDS, of Carter county, as a candidate for the nomination for Congress from the 9th district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

THE CONTRAST.

All the world stands appalled at the news of the disaster which overtook the White Star Liner, "Titanic," off the coast of Newfoundland April 14-15, in which more than 1200 lives were lost. The news of the catastrophe has spread a pall-like gloom over the entire civilized world, and why not? On board that ill-fated ship were people of different nationalities and widely divergent classes as for as social distinctions go. The multimillionaire, with all the prestige which wealth can give, had his berth in the luxuriously appointed cabins, surrounded by all the conveniences to be found in the metropolises of the world, London, Paris and New York. The middle class, by for the greater number we presume, occupying second class apartments, was on board, as the steamer's passenger list will show. And the lower class—the steerage passenger—was also aboard this floating palace of White Star Line.

The Captain of the steamship has more absolute authority over the members of his crew and also over his passengers than the Czar of Russia has over his subjects. His will is law and any infraction of the rules governing the ship's crew is mutiny and punishable by death. In view of the fact that the Titanic's survivors were mostly women and children, the newspapers are devoting considerable space exploiting the gallantry of the men aboard in permitting the weaker ones to be saved while the stronger lost their lives.

This all sounds very good and in theory is intensely American, but when the truth, if it ever is, is known, there will be a different tale to tell. The truth, when definitely known, will be that to the "Jack Tarrs" belong the credit for saving the lives of the women and children among the Titanic's passengers.

Rough and uncouth as they seem—as they really are—no more knightly hearts beat in the bosoms of any class of men than those whose homes are upon the high seas. To them self-sacrifice is a living principle, and gallantry, unclouded by ostentation, is their religion. For the sake of those whose safety is intrusted to their care they will not hesitate to lay down their lives, when an exigency like the sinking of the Titanic arises.

As a rule men of great wealth are not self-sacrificing, and it is difficult for the average mind (and to those we are addressing ourselves) to conceive of a millionaire stepping aside and allowing a mendicant, although belong-

ing to the same sex as his mother, to go down the gang-plank to life and to safety while he stays on deck and faces inevitable death. Of such stuff as this, as a rule, millionaires are not made. Then between the ships crew and the second and third class passengers reason dictates that honors should be divided. And why do we reason thus? Because history bears us out in this line of reasoning. For ever single life that was lost in this lamentable disaster thousands have perished in order that this very thing might be made possible. Not mercifully swallowed up in the Atlantic's icy waves, but slowly ground to death by the hands of the very classes of men, to which the eight passengers, representing \$500,000,000 of wealth belonged, who are reported to have gone down with the Titanic.

We have read of mine disasters until we scarcely give them any heed. Railroad wrecks are of almost weekly occurrence. The total lives lost from these causes alone approximate tens of thousands annually—are given passing notice by the daily press and forgotten. One hundred and thirty working girls lost their lives in a fire-trap in New York about a year ago. They were not in the building from choice but from necessity. Each one of their lives were as precious to them as the life of any victim of this latest disaster. In the sight of God the life of one man or woman is worth as much as any other. The poor and the rich all look a like to him or at least that is what we have always been taught. But unfortunately, in the sight of man, this is not so. Wealth and social position makes a vast difference. The yeoman goes to his grave unlamented except by the members of his immediate family, while the demise of the millionaire, no matter by what means he got his gold, is heralded throughout the length and breadth of the earth.

Honor to whom honor is due. If any of the wealthy who lost their lives when the Titanic went down stepped aside that another might be saved a monument ought to be erected to his memory. We would be glad to know that this is true but until further evidence is produced we are inclined to give the members of the ships crew most of the credit.

Idleness may be the cause of—but it is no excuse for crime.

If some men had a conscience they wouldn't listen to its dictation.

If you have nothing else to do watch the grass grow these spring days.

There is but little difference in the man who says damn-it and the men and women who think and act damn-it.

The man who borrows his neighbor's paper is in danger of death from suffocation. He is too damned stingy to take a full breath.

Hundreds of thousands of heathen Chinese are starving for the want of food. Millions of enlightened Americans are starving for the

want of truth.

W. J. Fields asks the Democrats of the ninth district to renominate him as their standard bearer for congress this year. In the proper columns of the COURIER you will find his announcement.

Will Fields as he is known by a majority of the people of the 9th district needs no introduction at our hands. and a personal tribute to him would be superfluous. Big hearted affable and courteous he makes and keeps friends wherever he goes. The greatest tribute that can be paid to his popularity is to recall the election of two years ago when he, on account of his personal worth and known integrity, defeated Mr. Bennett for the office to which he now again aspires. The district had gotten in a habit of electing Republicans to congress. The politicians tried to redeem it and failed. Bill Fields is not a politician in the usual acceptance of the term. He is an honest man. He asked for the Democratic nomination and received it, and went before the people upon the record of an honorable and upright life in all of his vocations. It won. The people love the honest and just man and the possession of these qualities are the only real foundation for a stable, lasting popularity. Mr. Fields has pursued in congress the same course that has characterized him throughout his life—a course of painstaking conscientious work serving his constituency with faithful and devoted application.

Above all Bill Fields is a Democrat. He is in the vanguard of all party battles. And when he leads victory perches upon his banner. Bill Field's personal popularity—the confidence the people had in him personally—wrested from the control of the Republicans of the 9th district when it was doubtful with the chances in favor of the enemy. Now that it is largely Democratic, shall we prove ungrateful and unappreciative of his work? But this is a minor consideration. The time has come when the nation needs men of sterling integrity in congress, men who cannot be seduced by the powers of Mammon to aid it in its effort to place the crown of thorns on labor's brow.

Such a man is W. J. Fields.

GUMPTION
Common Sense without Frills.
BY L. T. HOVERMALE.

THE OLD GODS.

How intensely human were the old gods, the gods of the ancients! The average Christian is apt to believe that the old pagan religions contained nothing but ignorance and horrors, when, in fact, many of the basic truths of our religion were tenets of their faith. Their philosophy has been the inspiration of our poets and has left us a heritage of the beautiful in literature.

The old gods were the creations of the people themselves. Their deities represented what was noblest and best in them, and how they compel in us an admiration for the strong gods and the strong people who made them! Without the aid of Divine revelation (or were they?) it was that belief in a Supreme Being, or Beings, that has ever been in man in whatever age or clime found, that caused them to create these gods and worship them. Dismiss the idea that their worship was directed to the graven stone. Those images were only typical of their imaginary gods—their altars.

Imperfect gods, you say? Granted. But Oh, how human! How like themselves and how like us! How little man has changed since Jupiter ruled the universe!

Have we been benefited by the influence of those ancient gods? Decidedly, yes. What an impress they have left upon our literature and what a mine of inspiration to our poets! We complain that we have no real poets now; that the early part of the nineteenth century furnished our last. Is there a reason? Yes. Material things, the coarse brutality of commercialism has

crowded the beautiful mythical out of our lives. Milton, Shakespeare, Spencer, Pope, Byron, Shelley, Moore, Coleridge, Goldsmith, Cowper, Keats, Browning, Scott, Bryant, Tennyson, Longfellow, and all of the poets whose works will live, drank deeply of this ancient lore. Milton's "Comus" has more than thirty references to mythological deities and heroes and his "Paradise Lost" even more. Can the coarse, material, mechanical rhyme of to-day be put in the same class with the rhythmic expression of sublime sentiment of the real poets? Byron—Kipling. Ye yods, the contrast!

Note, too, that the ancients had their good gods and their bad gods. And mark how, in attributing their ideals as character to their deities, they clothed them with nature so like our own. Is not Pandora's o'er-mastering desire to see what was in the box typical of her sex to-day? And doesn't man make himself mad for love of Daphne? Bacchus rules us lords of earth "Bacchus that first from out the purple grape Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine, After the Tuscan mariners transformed, Coasting the Tyrrhene shore as the wind listed On Circe's island fell; (who knows not Circe, The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup Whoever tasted lost his upright shape, And downward fell into a groveling swine.")

Must we not revise our opinion of these ancient pagans? Civilization they had of a high order, and reached the pinnacle in science and art. It was an intellectual people that could produce the philosopher Zoroaster and the poet Omar Khayyam. It was strong men that conceived the major and minor gods, the heroes, muses, furies, etc. Only the narrow-minded, the bigot, fails to recognize the beneficent influence that these legends have had on our civilization, our literature and our religion. Even our business, in a measure, typifies and recalls some of the old myths. But for the fact that the gladiators don't always "come back" our stock exchanges resemble Valhalla.

But I must be good. The desire is strong in me to borrow the Hammer of Thor and do some knocking, but I'll reserve that for a say about the New Gods, and turn my fancy to "The golden age of the gods, when On the green they played In joyful mood, Nor knew at all The want of good."

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Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Braved It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Best Man," "Hearts and the High Way," "As the South Wind Blows," etc.

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Enid Maitland, a frank, free and unspooled young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland. James Armstrong, Maitland's protégé, falls in love with her.

CHAPTER II.—His persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer.

CHAPTER III.—Enid hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help.

CHAPTER IV.—Kirkby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and at Kirkby's request keeps them.

CHAPTER V.—While Enid is bathing in the river in fancied solitude, a big bear appears on the bank and is about to plunge into the water to attack the girl when a shot rings out and the animal is killed by a strange man.

CHAPTER VI.—Enid is caught in a storm which wipes out her party's camp. She is drenched and nearly frozen. The strange man who shot the bear finds her unconscious and carries her to shelter.

CHAPTER VII.—Members of the camping party realizing that Enid is lost in the storm institute a frantic search for the missing girl.

CHAPTER VIII.—No trace of her is found and word is telegraphed to her father. James Armstrong is asking the father for Enid's hand when the telegram arrives, expressing the belief that the girl is dead. Armstrong says he will find her, and Maitland agrees to their marriage if he succeeds.

CHAPTER IX.—Enid regains consciousness in the hut of the man who had rescued her from the bear, and he dresses her foot which had been severely injured.

CHAPTER X.—The girl spends a fairly comfortable night, but her host in the next room is a restless one as he lives over days that are gone. He has some secret in his life.

CHAPTER XI.—Morning finds Enid refreshed and ready for the substantial breakfast the man has prepared for her.

CHAPTER XII.—Her rescuer goes in search of Enid's party, but returns at nightfall alone and unsuccessful. In his absence she discovers books which show him to be a man of education.

CHAPTER XIII.—Enid finds that she must remain in the mountains until her foot is better and the mountain trails passable, or permit her companion to leave her alone for a week while he goes in search of help. She decides to have him remain with her.

CHAPTER XIV.—A whole month passes in the meantime and Enid discovers that she is in love with the strange silent man who intrudes himself as little as possible on her notice.

CHAPTER XV.—The man comes to a realization of his love for her, but naturally in that strange atmosphere of the mountains of the girl and her rescuer become unnatural and strained.

CHAPTER XVI.—The stranger tells of a wife he had who is dead, and says he has sworn to ever cherish her memory by living in solitude. He says Enid, however, confesses the love for each other. She learns that he is the man who killed his wife in the mountain.

CHAPTER XVII.—Enid discovers the writer of the letters to Newbold's wife to have been James Armstrong. Newbold decides to start to the settlement for help.

CHAPTER XVIII.—The man is racked by the belief that he is unfaithful to his wife's memory and Enid is tempted to tell him of the letters in her possession.

CHAPTER XIX.—Armstrong, accompanied by Kirkby and Robert Maitland, start out on a systematic search for some trace of Enid. They find a note that Newbold had left in the deserted cabin, and know that the girl is in his keeping.

CHAPTER XX.—Newbold returns from hunting game and sees a man near the hut. It is James Armstrong, who has at last located the missing girl, and he enters the cabin.

CHAPTER XXI.—Armstrong pleads his love for Enid, but she reminds him of his affection for Newbold's wife. He grows hesitating and Enid orders him from her presence. Newbold returns opportunely.

He had gone to the corral and shaken down food enough for them which if it had been doled out to them day by day would have lasted longer than the week he intended to be absent; of course he realized that they would eat it up in half that time, but even so they would probably suffer not too great discomfort before he got back. All these preparations took some little time. It had grown somewhat late in the morning before he started. There had been a fierce storm raging when he first looked out and at her earnest solicitation he had delayed his departure until it had subsided.

His tasks at the corral were at last completed; he had done what he could for them both, nothing now remained but to make the quickest and safest way to the settlement. Shouldering the pack containing his axe and gun and sleeping bag and such provision as would serve to tide him over until he reached human habitations, he set forth. He did not look up at the red, indeed he could not have seen it for the corral was almost directly beneath it, but if it had been in full view he would not have looked back, he could not trust himself to, every instinct, every impulse in his soul would have dragged him back to that hut and to the woman. It was only his will and, did he but know it, her will that made him carry out his purpose.

He would have saved perhaps half a mile on his journey if he had gone straight across the lake to the mouth of the canon. We are creatures of habit. He had always gone around the lake on the familiar trail and unconsciously he followed that trail that morning. He was thinking of her as he plodded on in a mechanical way while the trail followed the border of the lake for a time, plunged into the woods, wound among the pines, at least reaching that narrow rift in the encircling wall through which the river flowed. He had passed along the trail

oblivious to all the surroundings, but as he came to the entrance he could not fail to notice what he suddenly saw in the snow.

Robinson Crusoe when he discovered the famous footprint of Man Friday.



"You!" She Exclaimed, Almost in Terror.

day in the sand was not more astonished at what met his vision than Newbold on that winter morning. For there, in the virgin whiteness, were the tracks of a man!

He stopped dead with a sudden contraction of the heart. Humanity other than he and she in that wilderness? It could not be! For a moment he doubted the evidence of his own senses. He shook his pack loose from his shoulders and bent down to examine the tracks to read if he could their indications. He could see that some one had come up the canon, that some one had leaned against the wall, that some one had gone on. Where had he gone?

To follow the new trail was child's play for him. He ran by the side of it until he reached the knoll. The stranger had stopped again, he had shifted from one foot to another, evidently he had been looking about him seeking some one, only Enid Maitland of course. The trail ran forward to the edge of the frozen lake, there the man had put on his snow shoes, there he had sped across the lake like an arrow, and like an arrow himself although he had left behind his own snow shoes, Newbold ran upon his track. Fortunately the snow crust up bore him. The trail ran straight to the foot of the rocky stairs. The newcomer had easily found his way there.

With beating heart and throbbing pulse, Newbold himself bounded up the acclivity after the stranger, marking as he did so evidences of the other's prior ascent. Reaching the top like him he ran down the narrow path and in his turn laid his hand upon the door.

He was not mistaken, he heard voices within. He listened a second and then flung it open, and as the other had done, he entered.

Way back on the trail, old Kirkby and Robert Maitland, the storm having ceased, were rapidly climbing up the canon. Fate was bringing all the actors of the little drama within the shadow of her hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Odds Against Him.

The noise of the opening of the door and the rush of cold air that followed awoke Enid Maitland to instant action. She rose to her feet and faced the entrance through which she expected Newbold to reappear—for of course the newcomer must be here, and for the life of her she could not help that radiating flash of joy, the momentary anticipation of which fairly transfigured her being; although if she had stopped to reflect she would have remembered that not in the whole course of their acquaintance had Newbold ever entered her room at any time without knocking and receiving permission.

Some of that joy yet lingered in her lovely face when she tardily recognized the newcomer in the half light. Armstrong, scarcely waiting to close the door, sprang forward joyfully with his hands outstretched.

"Enid!" he cried.

Naturally he thought the look of expectant happiness he had surprised upon her face was for him and he accounted for its sudden disappearance by the shock of his unexpected, unannounced, abrupt, entrance.

The warm color had flushed her face, but as she stared at him her aspect rapidly changed. She grew paler. The happy light that had shone in her eyes faded away and as he approached her she shrank back.

"You!" she exclaimed almost in terror.

"Yes," he answered smilingly, "I have found you at last. Thank God you are safe and well. Oh, if you could only know the agonies I have gone through. I thought I loved you when I left you six weeks ago, but now—"

In eager impetuosity he drew nearer to her. Another moment and he would have taken her in his arms, but she would have none of him.

"Stop," she said with a cold and inflexible sternness that gave pause even to his buoyant joyful assurance.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"The matter? Everything, but—"

"No evasions, please," continued the man still cheerfully but with a growing misgiving. His suspicions, in obedience for the moment because of his joy at seeing her alive and well, arose with renewed force. "I left you practically pledged to me," he resumed.

"Not so fast," answered Enid Maitland, determined to combat the lightest attempt to establish a binding claim upon her.

"Isn't it true?" asked Armstrong. "Here, wait," he said before she could answer, "I am half frozen, I have been searching for you since early morning in the storm." He unbuttoned and unrolled his huge fur coat as he spoke and threw it carelessly on the floor by the Winchester leaning against the wall. "Now," he resumed, "I can talk better."

"You must have something to eat then," said the girl.

She was glad of the interruption since she was playing for time. She did not quite know how the interview would end, he had come upon her so unexpectedly and she had never formulated what she would say to him, that which she felt she must say. She must have time to think, to collect herself, which he in his part was quite willing to give her, for he was not much better prepared for the interview than she. He really was hungry and tired, his early journey had been foolhardy and in the highest degree dangerous. The violence of his admiration for her added to the excitement of her presence, and the probable nearness of Newbold as to whose whereabouts he wondered were not conducive to rapid recuperation. It would be comfort to him also to have food and time.

"Sit down," she said. "I shall be back in a moment."

The fire of the morning was still burning in the stove in the kitchen; to heat a can of soup, to make him some buttered toast and hot coffee, were the tasks of a few moments; she brought them back to him, set them on the table before him and bade him fall to.

"By jove," exclaimed the man after a little time as he began to eat hastily but with great relish what she had prepared, while she stood over him watching him silently. "This is cozy. A warm, comfortable room, something to eat served by the finest woman in the world, the prettiest girl on earth to look at—what more could a man desire? This is the way it's going to be always in the future."

"You have no warrant whatever for saying or hoping that," answered the girl slowly but decisively.

"Have I not?" asked the man quickly. "Did you not say to me a little while ago that you liked me better than any man you had ever met and that I might win you if I could? Well, I can, and what's more, I will in spite of yourself, Enid," he laughed. "Why, the memory of that kiss I stole from you makes me mad." He pushed the things before him and rose to his feet once more. "Come, give me another," he said, "it isn't in the power of woman to stand against a love like mine."

"Isn't it?"

"No, indeed."

"Louise Newbold did," she answered very quietly but with the swiftness and the dexterity of a sword thrust by a master hand, a mighty arm.

Armstrong stared at her in open mouthed astonishment.

"What do you know about Louise Rosser or Newbold?" he asked at last.

"All that I want to know."

"And did that damned hound tell you?"

"If you mean Mr. Newbold, he never mentioned your name, he does not know you exist."

"Where is he now?" thundered the man.

"Have no fear," answered the woman calmly, "he has gone to the settlements to tell them I am safe and to seek help to get me out of the mountains."

"Fear!" exclaimed Armstrong, proudly, "I fear nothing on earth. For years, ever since I heard his name in fact, I have longed to meet him. I want to know who told you about that woman—Kirkby?"

"He never mentioned your name in connection with her."

"But you must have heard it somewhere," cried the man thoroughly bewildered. "The birds of the air didn't tell it to you, did they?"

"She told me herself," answered Enid Maitland.

"She told you? Why, she's been dead in her grave five years, shot to death by that murderous dog of a husband of hers."

"A word with you, Mr. Armstrong," said the woman with great spirit. "You can't talk that way about Mr. Newbold; he saved my life twice over, from a bear and then in the cloudburst which caught me in the canon."

"That even up a little," said Armstrong. "Perhaps for your sake I will spare him."

"You!" laughed the woman contemptuously. "Spare him? Be advised, look to yourself, if he ever finds out what I know, I don't believe any power on earth could save you."

"Oh," said Armstrong carelessly enough, although he was consumed with hate and jealousy and raging against her clearly evident disdain. "I can take care of myself, I guess. Anyway I only want to talk about you, not about him or her. Your father—"

"Is he well?"

"Well enough, but heart-broken, crushed. I happened to be in his house in Philadelphia when the telegram came from your uncle that you were lost and probably dead. I had just asked him for your hand," he added, smiling grimly at the recollection.

"You had no right to do that."

"I know that."

"It was not, it is not, his to give."

"Still when I won you I thought it would be pleasant all around if he knew and approved."

"And did he?"

"Not then, he literally drove me out of the house, but afterwards he said if I could find you I could have you; and, by Heaven, I have found you and I will have you whether you like it or not."

"Never," cried the woman decisively.

The situation had got on Armstrong's nerves, and he must perforce show himself in his true colors. His only resources were his strength, not of mind but of body. He made a blundering mistake at this juncture.

"We are alone here, and I am master, remember," he said meaningly. "Come, let's make up. Give me a kiss for my pains and—"

"I have been alone here for a month with another man," answered Enid Maitland who was strangely unafraid in spite of this threat. "A gentleman, he has never so much as offered to touch my hand without my permission; the contrast is quite to your disadvantage."

"Are you jealous of Louise Rosser?" asked Armstrong suddenly seeing that

he was losing ground and casting about desperately to account for it, and to recover what was escaping him. "Why, that was nothing, a mere boy and girl affair," he ran on with a specious good humor as if it were all a trifle. "The woman was, I hate to say it, just crazy in love with me, but I really never cared anything especially for her; it was just a harmless resort of flirtation anyway. She afterward married this man Newbold and that's all there was about it."

The truth would not serve him and in his desperation and desire he liked everything on this astounding lie. The woman he loved looked at him with her face as rigid as a mask.

"You won't hold that against me, will you?" pleaded the man. "I told you that I'd been a man among men, yes, among women, too, here in this rough country, and that I wasn't worthy of you; there are lots of things in my past that I ought to be ashamed of and I am, and the more I see you the more ashamed I grow, but as for loving any one else, all that I've ever thought or felt or experienced before now is just nothing."

And this indeed was true, and even Enid Maitland with all her prejudice could realize and understand it. Out of the same mouth, was said of old, proceeded blessing and cursing, and from these same lips came truth and falsehood; but the power of the truth to influence this woman was as nothing to the power of falsehood. She could never have loved him, she now knew, a better man had won her affections, a nobler being claimed her heart; but if he had told the truth regarding his relationship to Newbold's wife and then had completed it with his passionate avowal of his present love for her, she would have at least admired him and respected him.

"You have not told me the truth," she answered directly; "you have deliberately been false."

"Can't you see," protested the man drawing nearer to her, "how much I love you?"

"Oh, that; yes I suppose that is true; as far as you can love any one I will admit that you do love me."

"So far as I can love any one?" he repeated after her. "Give me a chance and I'll show you."

"But you haven't told the truth about Mrs. Newbold. You have calumniated the dead, you have sought to shelter yourself by throwing the burden of a guilty passion upon the weaker vessel; it isn't manlike, it isn't—"

Armstrong was a bold fighter, quick and prompt in his decisions. He made another effort to set himself right. He staked his all on another throw of the dice, which he began to feel were somehow loaded against him.

"You are right," he admitted, wondering anxiously how much the woman really knew. "It wasn't true, it was a coward's act, I am ashamed of it. I'm so mad with love for you that I scarcely know what I am doing, but I will make a clean breast of it now. I loved Louise Rosser after a fashion before ever Newbold came on the scene. We were pledged to each other; a foolish quarrel arose, she was jealous of other girls—"

"And had she no right to be?"

"Oh, I suppose so. We broke it off anyway and then she married Newbold, out of pique I suppose, or what you will. I thought I was heart-broken at the time, it did hit me pretty hard; it was five or six years ago; I was a youngster then, I am a man now."

The woman was a deep level long since; there was some cock-and-bull story about her falling off a cliff and her husband being compelled to shoot her. I didn't believe it at the time, and naturally I have been waiting to get even with him. I have been hating him for five years, but he has been good to you and we will let bygones be bygones. What do I care for Louise Rosser, or for him, or for what he did to her, now? I am sorry that I said what I did, but you will have to charge it to my blinding passion for you. I can truthfully say that you are one woman that I have ever craved with all my heart. I will do anything, be anything, to win you."

It was very brilliantly done; he had not told a single untruth; he had admitted much, but he had withheld the essentials after all. He was playing against desperate odds, he had no knowledge of how much she knew, or where she had learned anything. Every one about the mining camp where she had lived had known of his love for Louise Rosser, but he had not supposed there was a single human soul who had been privy to its later developments, and he could not figure out any way by which Enid Maitland could have learned by any possibility any more of the story than he had told her.

He had calculated swiftly and with the utmost nicety, just how much he should confess. He was a keen witted clever man and he was fighting for what he held most dear, but his eagerness and zeal, as they have often done, overrode his judgment, and he made another mistake at this juncture. His evil genius was at his elbow.

"You must remember," he continued, "that you have been alone here in these mountains with a man for over a month; the world—"

"What, what do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, who indeed knew very well what he meant, but who would not admit the possibility.

"It's not every man," he added, blindly rushing to his doom, "that would care for you or want you—after that."

He received a sudden and terrible enlightenment.

"You coward," she cried, with upraised hand, whether in protest or to strike him neither ever knew, for at that moment the door opened the second time that morning to admit another man.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Last Resort of Kings and Men.

The sudden entrance upon a quarrel between two men is invariably at a disadvantage. Usually he is unaware of the cause of difference and generally he has no idea of the stage of development of the affair that has been reached. Newbold suffered from this lack of knowledge and to these disadvantages were added others. For instance, he had not the faintest idea

as to who or what was the stranger. The room was not very light in the day time. Armstrong happened to be standing with his back to it at some distance from the window by the side of which Enid stood. Six years naturally and inevitably makes some difference in a man's appearance, and it is not to be wondered that at first Newbold did not recognize the man before him as the original of the face in his wife's locket, although he had studied that face over and over again. A nearer scrutiny, a longer study, would have enlightened him of course, but for the present he saw nothing but a stranger visibly perturbed on one side and the woman he loved apparently fiercely resentful, stormily indignant, confronting the other with an upraised hand.

The man, whoever he was, had affronted her, had aroused her indignation, perhaps had insulted her, that was plain. He went swiftly to her side, he interposed himself between her and the man.

"Enid," he asked, and his easy use of the name was a revelation and an illumination to Armstrong, "who is this man, what has he done?"

It was Armstrong who replied. If Newbold were in the dark, not so he; although they had never spoken, he had seen Newbold. He recognized him instantly, indeed, recognized or not, the newcomer could be no other

than he. There was doubtless no other man in the mountains. He had expected to find him when he approached the hut and was ready for him.

To the fire of his ancient hatred and jealousy was added a new fuel that increased its heat and flame. This man had come between Armstrong and the woman he loved before and had got away unscathed; evidently he had come between him and this new woman he loved. Well, he should be made to suffer for it this time and by Armstrong's own hands. The instant Newbold had entered the room Armstrong had thrust to leap upon him, and he meant to do it. One or the other of them, he swore in his heart, should never leave that room alive.

But Newbold should have his chance. Armstrong was as brave, as fearless, as intrepid, as any man on earth. There was much that was admirable in his character; he would not take any man at a disadvantage in an encounter such as he proposed. He would not hesitate to rob a man of his wife if he could, and he would not shrink from any deeds necessary to gain his purpose with a woman, for good or evil, but he had his own ideas of honor, he would not shoot an enemy in the back for instance.

Singular perversion, this, to which some minds are liable! To take from a man his wife by subtle and underhanded methods, to rob him of that which makes life dear and sweet—that was nothing dishonorable in that! But to take his life, a thing of infinitely less moment, by the same process—that was not to be thought of. In Armstrong's code it was right, it was imperative, to confront a man with the truth and take the consequences; but to confront a woman with a lie and take her body and soul, if so be she might be gained, was equally admirable. And there are other souls than Armstrong's in which this moral inconsistency and obliquity about men and women has lodged!

Armstrong confronted Newbold therefore, lustful of battles; he yearned to leap upon him, his fingers itched to grasp him, then trembled slightly as he rubbed them nervously against his thumbs; his face protruded a little, his eyes narrowed.

"My name is Armstrong," he said, determined to precipitate the issue without further delay and flinging the words at the other in a tone of becoming defiance which, however strange to say, did not seem to effect Newbold in any perceptible degree.

The name was an illumination to him, though not at all in the way the speaker had fancied; the recollection of it was the one fact concerning her that ranked in the solitary mind. He had often wanted to ask Enid Maitland what she had meant by that chance allusion to Armstrong which she had made in the beginning of their acquaintance, but he had refrained.

At first he had no right to question her; there could be no natural end to their affections; and latterly when their hearts had been disclosed to each other in the wild, tempestuous, passionate scenes of the last two or three days, he had had things of greater moment to engage his attention, subjects of more importance to discuss with her.

He had for the time being forgotten Armstrong and he had not before known what jealousy was until he had entered that room. To have seen with any man would have given him acute pain, perhaps just because he had been so long withdrawn from human society, but to see her with this man who flashed instantly into his recollection upon the utterance of his name was an added exasperation.

Newbold turned to the woman to whom indeed he had addressed his question in the first place, and there was something in his movement which bespoke a gallant almost contemptuous obliviousness to the presence of the other man which was indeed hard for him to bear.

Hate begets hate. He was quite

conscious of Armstrong's antagonism, which was entirely undisguised and open and was growing greater with every passing moment. The score against Newbold was running up in the mind of his victor.

"Ah," coolly said the owner of the cabin to the first of his two guests, "I do remember you did mention that name the first day you spent here. Is he a—friend of yours?"

"Not now," answered Enid Maitland. She too was in a strange state of perturbation on account of the dilemma in which she found herself involved. She was determined not to betray the unconscious confidence of the dead. She hoped fervently that Newbold would not recognize Armstrong as the man of the locket, but if he did she was resolute that he should not also be recognized as the man of the letters, at least not by her act. Newbold was ignorant of the existence of those letters and she did not intend that he should be enlightened so far as she could prevent it. But she was keen enough to see that the first recognition would be inevitable; she even admitted the fact that Armstrong would probably precipitate it himself. Well, no human soul, not even their writer, knew that she had destroyed them, she had determined to do so at the first convenient opportunity. Before that, however, she intended to show them to Newbold but to Armstrong, to disclose his perfidy, to convict him of the falsehood he had told her and to justify herself even in his eyes for the action she had taken.

Mingled with all these quick reflections was a deadly fear. She was quick to perceive the hatred Armstrong bore on the one hand because of the old love affair, the long cherished grudge breaking into sudden life; on the other she realized that her own failure to come to Armstrong's hands and her love for Newbold, which she neither could nor had any desire to conceal, and the culmination of these passionate antagonisms would only make him the more desperate.

Whether Newbold found out Armstrong's connection with his past love, there was sufficient provocation in the present to evoke all the oppugnation and resentment of his nature. Enid felt as she might if the puncture of the floor had been sticks of dynamite with active detonations in every heel that pressed them; as if the slightest movement on the part of any one would bring about an explosion.

The tenacity of the situation was bewildering to her. It had come upon her with such startling force; the unexpected arrival of Armstrong, of all the men on earth the one who ought not to be there, and then the equally startling arrival of Newbold, of whom perhaps the same might have been said. If Newbold had only gone on, if he had not come back, if she had been rescued by her uncle or old Kirkby—But "ifs" were idle, she had to face the present situation to which she was utterly unequal.

She had entirely repudiated Armstrong, that was one sure point; she knew how guilty he had been toward Newbold's wife, that was another; she realized how he had deceived her, that was the third. These eliminated the man from her affections, but it is one thing to thrust a man out of your heart and another to thrust him out of your life; he was still there. And by no means the sport of blind fate Armstrong intended to have something to say as to the course of events, to use his own powers to determine the issue.

Of but one thing beside her hatred for Armstrong was Enid Maitland absolutely certain; she would never disclose to the man she loved the fact that the woman, the memory of whose supposed passion he cherished, had been unfaithful to him in heart if not in deed. Nothing could wrest that secret from her. She had been infected by Newbold's quixotic ideas, the contagion of his perversion of common sense had fastened itself upon her. She would not have been human either if she had not experienced a thrill of pride and joy at the possibility that in some way, of which she yet swore she would not be the instrument blind or otherwise, the facts might be disclosed which would enable Newbold to claim her openly and honorably, without hesitation before or remorse after, as his wife. This fascinating flash of expectant, hopeful feeling she thought unworthy of her and strove to fight it down, but with manifest impossibility.

It has taken time to set these things down; to speak or to write is a slow process, and the ratio between outward expressions and inward is as great as that between light and sound. Questions and answers between these three followed as swiftly as thrust and parry between accomplished swordsmen, and yet they had time to entertain these swift thoughts—as the drowning compass life experiences in seconds!

"I may not be her friend," said Armstrong steadily, "but she left me in these mountains a month ago with more than a half year promise to marry me, and I have sought her through the snows to claim the fulfillment."

"You never told me that," exclaimed Newbold sternly and again addressing the woman rather than the man.

"There was nothing to tell," she answered quickly. "I was a young girl, heart free; I liked this man, perhaps because he was so different from those to whom I had been accustomed, and when he pressed his suit upon me, I told him the truth. I did not love him, I did not know whether I might grow to care for him or not; if I did, I should marry him and if I did not, I should not on earth could make me. And now—I hate him!" She flung the words at him savagely.

(Continued next week)

Hawkins Confession

Most interesting true history of an outlaw's life ever written. Full of sound advice to the young. Get a copy of this great book while they last.

For sale at COURIER office

We want your job work.

W. S. Bailey, McCreary, Ky., is willing to verify his statement as given here with. He says: "My wife had a severe attack of Lagrippe that terminated in bronchitis. She coughed as tho' she had consumption, could not sleep and her medicine gave no relief. She was advised to take Foley's honey and Tar Compound she continued using it until she had taken three bottles which effected a permanent cure. For sale by all druggists."

JAS. M. ELAM, Watchmaker & Jeweler, WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Repairing promptly done. All work guaranteed.

O. F. HENRY, WEST LIBERTY, KENTUCKY, REPRESENTING HUTCHINSON STEVENSON HAT COMPANY, Wholesale Hatters, Charleston, : : : West Va.

YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

One of the best points in favor of Foley Kidney Pills is the comfort and relief they give to aged people

CORRESPONDENCE

To Our Correspondents.

Our space is limited, make your news items brief and to the point. Give the news only and avoid comment. Leave the editorial writing to the editor. Don't moralize, don't gush. Short items of news is what we want. Separate the items. Don't begin one item on the line on which you end another.

PINE BLUFF

The residence of John Goad, better known as the Frank Samples property, was burned on last week but many of the household goods were saved.

Aunt Lou Henry, who has been on the sick list is able to be out again and was at Pine Bluff a few days last week.

Mrs. Lizzie Lawson is very ill. Mrs. Mahala DeHavens is improving.

Uncle W. M. Mannin spent a few days in this section last week.

Perry Carrol was at Pine Bluff on business Monday.

Mrs. G. B. Cox spent Sunday with Mrs. W. M. Ratliff.

John F. Orsborn, (Little John) of Dehart, was in this section and said he would be a candidate for assessors before the next Democratic primary.

Mr. Editor you will please tell us people in Morgan County what A. H. Stamper did in the legislature while he was at Frankfort, as we think that you are able to tell the people through the Courier, or any correspondent.

UNCLE ZIP.

Master Commissioner's Sale.

Morgan Circuit Court.
Green Lewis Plaintiff
vs. Notice of sale
Chester Amyx, &c Defendant.

Pursuant to a judgment and order of sale rendered at the March term, 1912, of the Morgan Circuit Court in the above styled action, I will on

Monday, May 13, 1912,

(it being County Court day) expose for sale, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, on a credit of six months, at the front door of the court house in West Liberty, Morgan county, Kentucky, between the hours of one and two P. M., the following described real estate, to-wit: Situate, lying and being in Morgan county, Ky., on the waters of Yocum creek and bounded on the east by the lands of H. B. Amyx; on the west by J. H. Lewis and others; on the North by the lands of Clearfield Lumber Company, and on the south by lands of J. A. Lewis. Or a sufficiency thereof to produce the sum of money so ordered to be made amounting to \$136.07.

For the purchase price the purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved personal security bearing six percent interest from date of sale. Bond for the amount of plaintiff's debt, interest and cost to be made payable to the plaintiff and bond for the residue thereof if any, to be made payable to the defendant. Said bonds will have the force and effect of a replevin bond. Bidders must be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

S. R. Collier, M. C. M. C. C.
By J. D. LYKINS, D. M. C.
Juo. D. Phipps attorney for plaintiff.

Master Commissioner's Sale.

Morgan Circuit Court.
W. M. Wilhoit, Plaintiff
vs. Notice of Sale.
J. H. Sullivan, Deft.

Pursuant to a judgment and order of sale rendered at the March, 1911, term of the above court, in the above styled action, I will on

Monday, May 13, 1912,

(it being county court day) expose for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder, on a credit of six months, at the front door of the court house in West Liberty, Ky., between the hours of one and two o'clock, p. m. an undivided one-third interest in the following described real estate, to-wit:

1st tract, situated in the counties of Elliott and Morgan and on the dividing ridge between Crane creek and Miner fork and bounded as follows: Beginning at 5 spruce pines a corner to a survey executed to James Day; thence with the lines and corners of said survey N 73 W 104 poles to a chestnut and a small black oak on the ridge; N 17 W 100 poles to a large spruce pine on the edge of the cliffs; of Crane; S 48 W 300 poles to a stake; S 17

E 200 poles to a stake S 87 E 400 poles to a stake; N 30 W 305 poles to the beginning, containing 761 acres.

2nd tract: Beginning at 3 small pines standing on the top of a large cave known as the Soda cave, a corner to a survey executed to John Christy; thence with his lines and corners S 68 W 84 poles to a spanish oak under the cliffs; S 60 W 80 poles to 3 spruce pines on the banks of hog trough camp branch; same course 300 poles to a white oak and sugar standing at the mouth of said fork; N 55 E 164 poles to a stake; N 39 W 275 poles to the Beginning, containing 864 acres.

3rd tract. In Morgan county Kentucky, on Northfork of Licking River and bounded as follows to-wit: Beginning on 5 white oaks, a beginning corner to 100 acres patented to Cornelius Howard; thence with said survey, S 11 E 20 poles to two hickories and maple; N 55 E 18 poles to a poplar and sugar tree; S 44 E 58 poles two white oaks in the head of a branch N 33 E 49 to a poplar and dogwood; East 18 poles to a large white oak, beech and chestnut; South 58 East 32 poles to a white oak and dogwood; S 22 W 148 poles to two spruce pines and a white oak; on cliffs of Devil fork; N 73 W 160 poles to a stake; N 1 W 190 poles to a stake; East 100 poles to the Beginning, containing 233 acres.

4th tract. On the Gourd cave branch of Laurel creek in Morgan county Kentucky and bounded as follows to-wit: Beginning at two spruce pines and white oak on top of the cliffs of said creek above the David Fannin cabin; N 10 E 172 poles to two chestnuts and hickory and the head of a drain of Baylesses branch; N 12 E 120 poles to a white oak and a beech; S 36 E 86 poles to 3 white oaks and a beech; S 13 E 160 poles to two white oaks and spruce pine; N 85 W 36 poles to 3 small pines on cliffs of Laurel creek. N 37 W 200 poles to the beginning, containing 118 acres.

5th tract. Situate, lying and being in Morgan county, Ky., on Minor creek, and bounded on the east by the old John Nickell farm; North and south by the lands of J. H. Amyx surveys containing 144 acres.

6th tract. Situated in Morgan county, Kentucky and on the north side of Laurel creek and bounding on same, and bounded on the North, east and west by the J. H. Amyx surveys, containing 100 acres.

7th tract, lying in the the county of Morgan and State of Kentucky, and on the Punccheon fork of Crane creek and bounded as follows, on the west by Crane creek and on the east north and south by the J. H. Amyx surveys, containing 175 acres. Or a sufficiency thereof to produce the sums of money ordered to be made amounting to \$3125.10.

For the purchase price purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved personal surety or sureties bearing six percent interest from the date of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a replevin bond. Said sale bond will be made payable to the plaintiff, and bond for the residue thereof, if any, to be made payable to the defendant. Bidders must be prepared to comply with these terms.

S. R. COLLIER, M. C. M. C. C.
By J. D. LYKINS, D. M. C.

For Sale.

Two finely bred English Setter pups 10 months old—field broken by Jim Dennis.
Apply to COURIER Office.



HAMILTON-BROWN SHOES.
For Sale by Auty McClain.

THE BIG STORE

Gents' Furnishings

The nobbiest makes in the latest patterns in Spring and Summer Clothing. Shirts, ties, hosiery, underwear. Quality the best, prices the lowest. To prove our prices, come and see.

Ladies' Furnishings

Latest things in Ladies' Furnishings. Underskirts, fancy hosiery in colors. Big line of dress good of the latest patterns. Everything you need at the very lowest prices. Come, see.

The Home of Low Prices

At this store you'll find anything you need that can be carried in stock in a general store. Dry goods, hardware, provisions, queensware, groceries, furniture, tinware, gas stoves and fixtures, stoves, etc.

Garden
Seeds
that
Grow!

Our policy is give you a dollar's worth for your dollar, to give ou the best quality of goods at the least possible price, to give you a square deal. We want trade and our prices merit it. Let us prove it to ou.

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Men's & Women's Shoes

Biggest Stock of the best makes of shoes for men, women and children. You can get better values in shoes here than elsewhere. Style, fit, quality and price unequalled in West Liberty.

Spring Milliner

The newest creations in ladies hats. Shapes and styles right down to now. Ribbons, trimmings and millinery notions. Quality the best, prices lowest. You are cordially invited to examine.

Oxfords, Canvas shoes, white and tan.

C. W. WOMACK

Read this if You Like.

We are going to make it easy for any one who wishes to become a subscriber to the COURIER or to pay up their subscription if they happen to be in arrears. Here are a few things we will take on subscription or on old accounts: Bacon, beans, beef, beets, cabbage, chickens, coal, fodder, hay, lard, manure, oats, onions, pork, potatoes, sorghum, sweet potatoes, and in fact anything that we can eat, wear or utilize in any way. If this isn't a fair proposition, someone suggest another one and we will adopt it. We want, and we are going, to make it possible for every body to read the COURIER and for all who owe us to pay up.

LEXINGTON AND EASTERN

Effective, January 1, 1911

WEST-BOUND.			
	No. 1 Daily	No. 3 Daily	
Lv. Quicksand.....	125 P.M.	125 P.M.	
Jackson.....	5:05 A.M.	1:50	
O. & K. Junction.....	5:10	1:57	
Athol.....	5:35	2:22	
Beattyville Junction.....	5:40	2:51	
Torment.....	5:55	3:12	
Campton Junction.....	6:05	3:20	
Clay City.....	7:19	4:05	
L. & E. Junction.....	7:51	4:37	
Winchester.....	8:05	4:50	
Ar Lexington.....	8:55	5:35	

EAST-BOUND.

	No. 2 Daily	No. 4 Daily	
Lv. Lexington.....	1:35 P.M.	7:20 A.M.	
Winchester.....	2:17	8:05	
L. & E. Junction.....	2:35	8:18	
Clay City.....	3:05	8:50	
Campton Junction.....	3:47	9:27	
Torment.....	4:04	9:44	
Beattyville Junction.....	4:15	10:04	
Athol.....	4:52	10:30	
O. & K. Junction.....	5:19	10:57	
Jackson.....	5:25	11:05	
Ar Quicksand.....		11:25	

The following connections are made daily except Sunday.

Train No. 1 will make connection with the L. & N. at Lexington for Louisville, Ky. No. 3 will make connection with the L. & N. at Winchester for Cincinnati, Ohio.

No. 1, 2, 3 and 4 will connect with the Monon Main Central Ry for passengers to and from Campton, Ky.
Trains No. 1, 2 and 3 will make connection with L. & A. Railway for Beattyville.
Trains No. 3 & 4 connect at O. & K. Junction for points on O. & K. Ry.

Puts End To Bad Habit.

Things never look bright to one with "blues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver, filling the system with bilious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expell. Try them. Let the joy of better feelings end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys. 25 cts. at all druggists.

Wanted

To exchange nice building lot in West Liberty for good saddle horse.

H. G. COTTE.

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Connection With Long Distance at Morehead.

Prepare for the "Rainy Day!" Start a Bank Account

Sickness, old age and adversity are liable to come on you. Prepare for the "rainy day" by laying up part of your income. Begin to-day by starting a bank account. That makes saving easy. We want to help you save your money. Every business courtesy accorded you.

Do Business the Safe way.

Capital Stock, \$15,000
Deposits, \$60,000

COMMERCIAL BANK, West Liberty, Ky.

S. R. COLLIER, President.
W. A. DUNCAN, Cashier.

W. G. BLAIR, Vice-President.
D. S. HENRY, Asst. Cashier.

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We are the LIVE WIRES in Real Estate!

If you don't see whaa you want advertised here, call on us, or write to us. We can suit you in town or farm property. If you have property to sell, list it with us.

West Liberty offers splendid opportunities for investment. A live, growing town, good school, natural gas, surrounding territory good farming, near vast coal deposits, on Licking river.

Property steadily advancing in price. Let us serve you.

We have a number of real properties in town, all well located and well improved. We can mention a few in this ad. If seeking either town or farm property, you will find that we can suit you in every way.

List No. 199. Large business Main street, nearly opposite House. Known as the Maxey property. Best business location in town.

List No. 117. House and two-acre lot in West Liberty. Ten room house newly built and finely finished, gas outbuildings, etc. Garden large and would make a fine market garden.

List No. 71. A splendid farm, short distance from town. Consists of 10 acres, six-room residence, barn, outbuildings, good orchard. Cheap and sold quickly.

List No. 106. A one-acre lot just out of town, three room cottage and outbuildings. Big bargain.

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Store Department

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Will be pleased to supply merchants with Flour, Salt, Oil, Mill Feed, etc.

We also handle a complete line of General Merchandise for the Retail Trade. Also the best Farm Wagon to be had, and can make you close prices.

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Capital and Surplus \$300,000
Deposits over Half Million
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Correspondence Invited

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W. R. SPAR, Cashier.

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All New and Fresh! My Prices are the Lowest. The Quality Best.
Soft Drinks

D. R. Keeton Main Street

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Capital, \$25,000
Surplus, (Earned) 20,000
Average Deposits, 100,000

Authorized U S Depository.

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CUSTR JONES, Cashier.